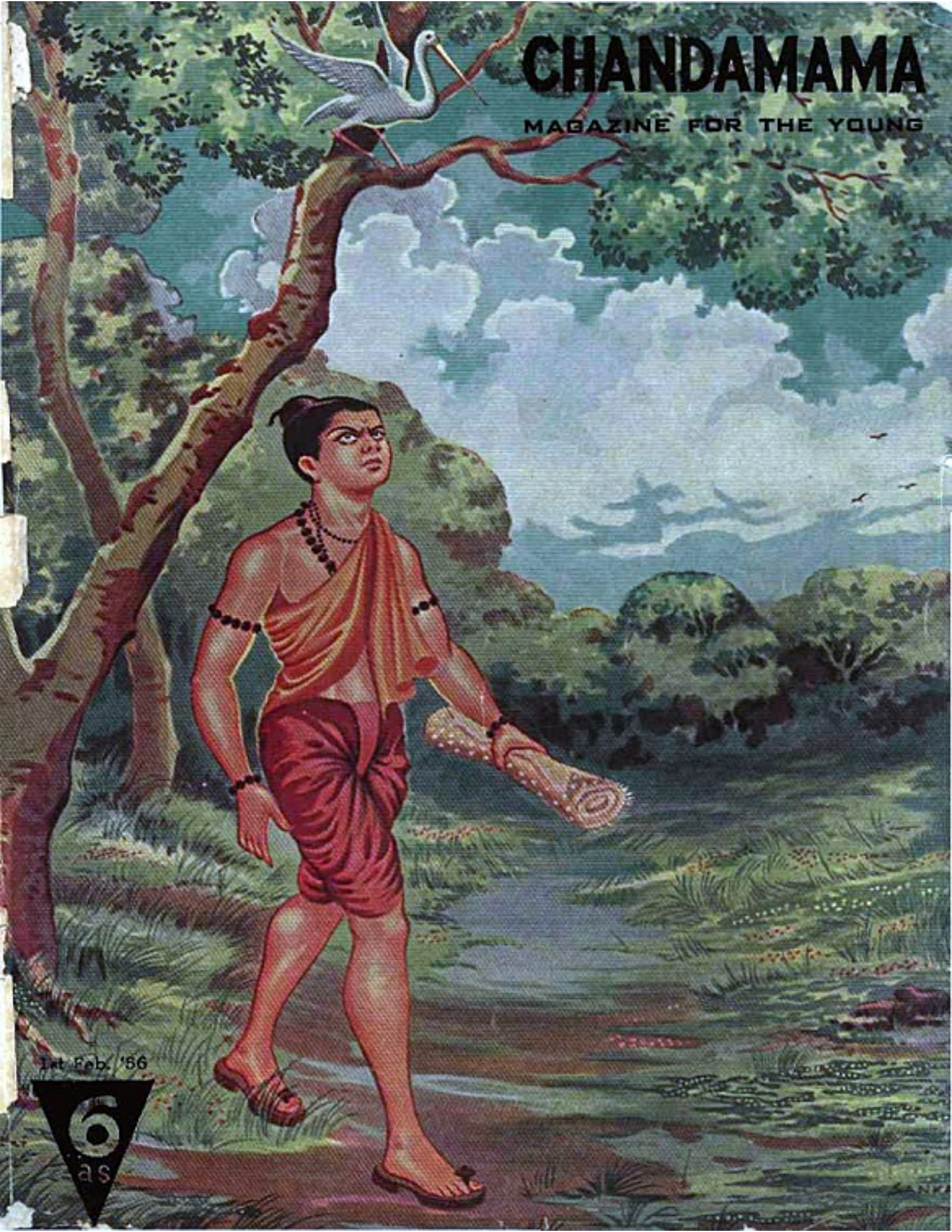


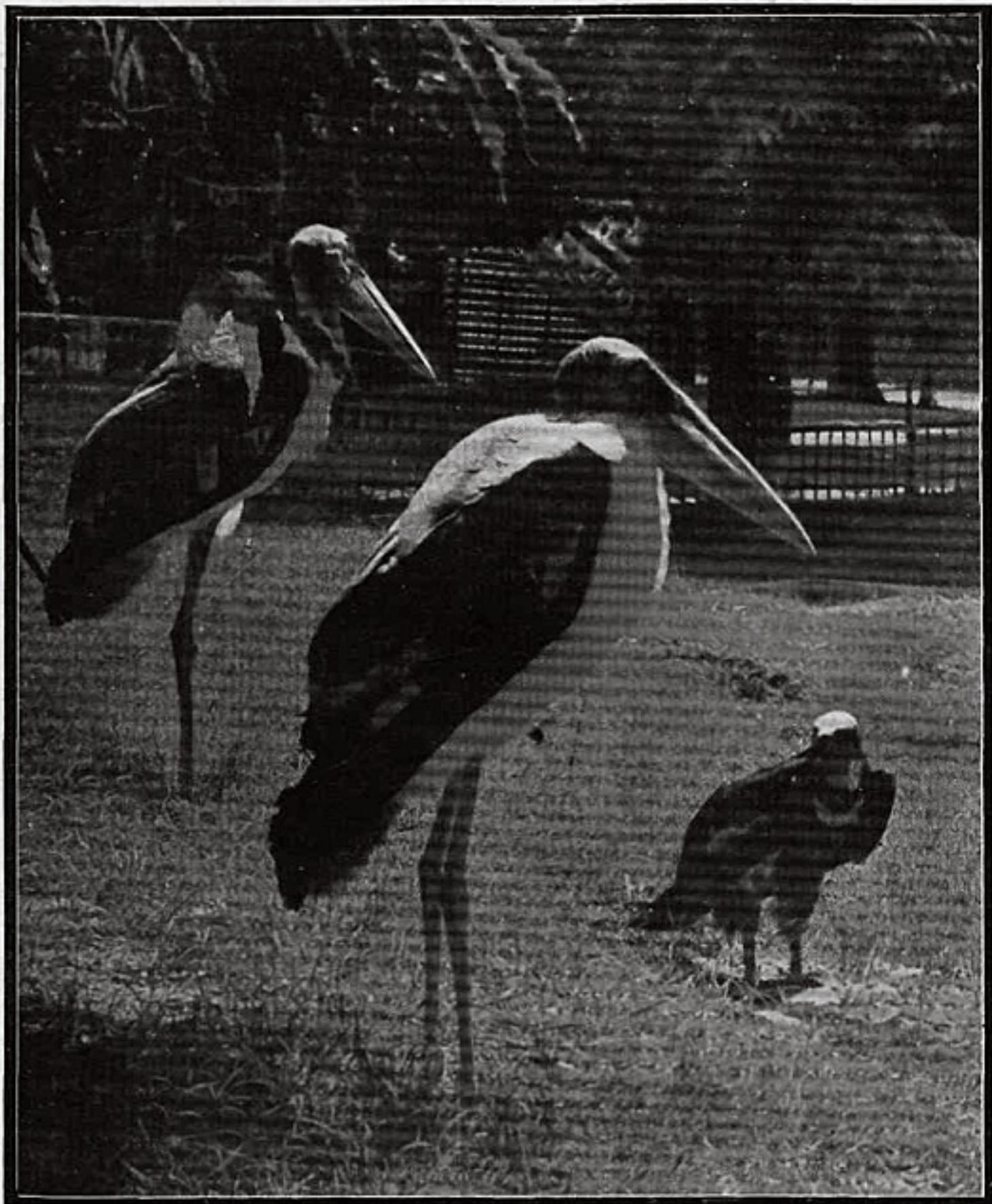
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1st Feb. '56





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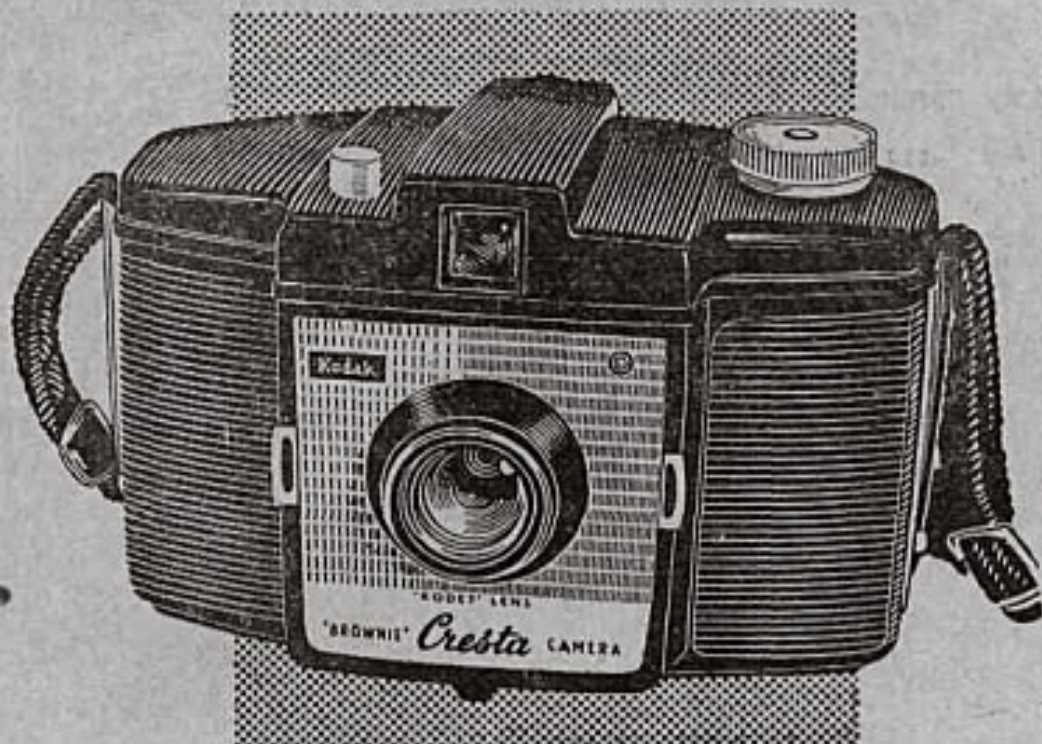
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THOSE who stand by us in our difficulties are indeed our best friends. It is our duty to be grateful to them. But some people are so mean-minded that they neglect those that have shared their difficulties as soon as they come upon prosperous days.

In the Jataka Tale, "Neglected Wife", the prince of Banaras begins to neglect his wife as soon as he knows that the throne is ready for him. He continues to neglect her even after he has become king and Bodhisatva teaches him a lesson by making the queen reveal the king's meanness in the open court, and advising her to leave him.

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1956

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THE GARDENER AND THE LORD

*A gardener
Once there was
Half peasant
And half middle class,*

*Who owned on the
Outskirts of a village
A tidy plot and the
Adjoining tillage.*

*He raised a quickset hedge
To fence it in*

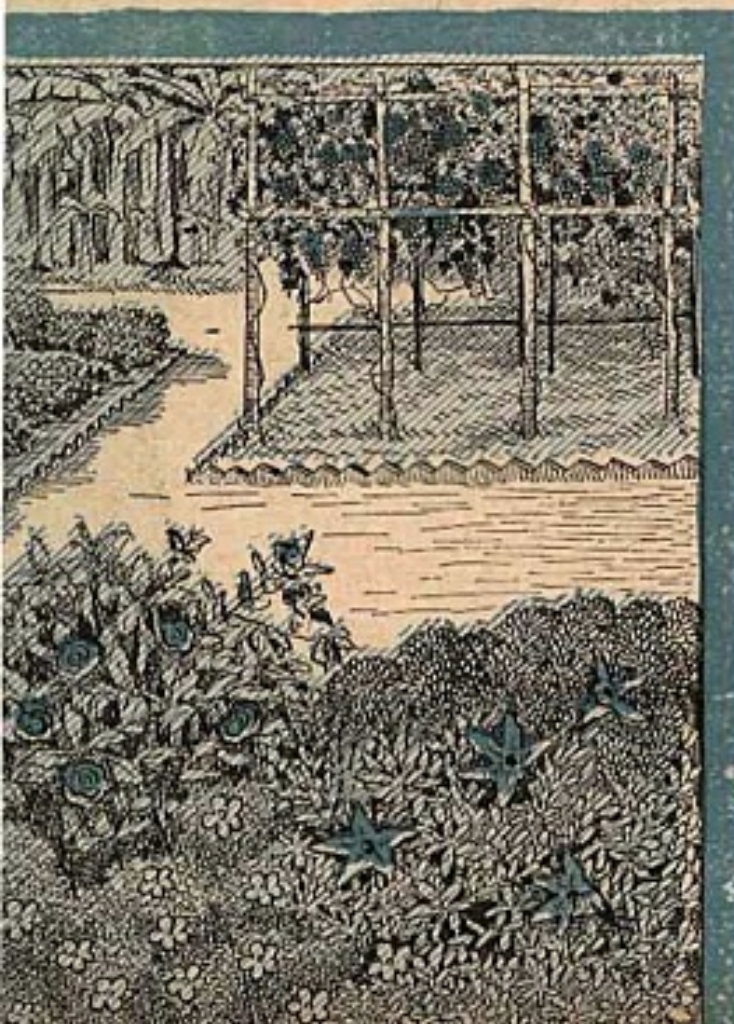


*And reared sorrel and thyme
And jessamin.*

*He looked round and found
The garden good
Unparalleled in the
Neighbourhood.*

*Alas, he could not reckon
With the wiles
Of a hare which presently
Turned his smiles*

*Into tears. He went to
My Lord the squire*





Story Poem

*Had wrought more harm than
All the hares all year round.*

*So far the story—
And now the moral :
Each petty peasant
Should settle his own quarrel.*

*If once he gets
A king for an ally
He will regret it
By and by.*

*And made complaint
And the sire*

*Sent his hounds
And horses and men
To hunt the hare
And lo, the hunt was on.*

*Destroy the wily hare
The men could not,
But the charging hooves
Laid waste the garden plot.*

*In one half-hour
Man, horse and hound*



THE FRONT COVER

THERE was once a Brahman called Kausika who observed the vow of celibacy very strictly. He left his aged father and mother at home and spent his time in penance.

One day, while Kausika was doing penance under a tree, a crane that was sitting on the tree defiled him with its droppings. In great anger Kausika stood up and looked at the crane. At once the crane fluttered and fell down dead.

At noon Kausika went to a Brahman's house and asked for the dole. At that very moment the master of the house arrived. His dutiful wife washed his feet, fed him, massaged his legs, and after he slept she brought the dole to Kausika.

"How dare you keep me waiting all this time?" Kausika thundered at her. "Who do you think I am?"

"Are you not Kausika who killed the crane?" she asked. "Don't you know that it is the foremost duty of the wife to attend to the needs of her husband? You are angry because of your ignorance of *dharma*."

Kausika was thoroughly ashamed to know that she was aware of his killing the crane. "Good mother," he said humbly. "If you know *dharma*, why don't you teach me?"

"The right man to teach you is Dharma-vyadha of Mithila. Go to him and learn all about *dharma*," the lady advised him.

Kausika went to Mithila. He was quite shocked when he learnt that Dharma-vyadha was a common butcher. Kausika overcame his repugnance, and went to the shop of Dharma-vyadha.

"O Brahman!" said Dharma-vyadha on seeing Kausika. "I know what you have come for. Let us go to my house."

Kausika stayed with Dharma-vyadha for a few days and observed how he treated his aged parents with love and devotion. Then he returned to his own home and spent his time in serving his parents and keeping them happy.



Neglected Wife

WHILE Brahma-dutt ruled Banaras, Bodhisatva was born as a counsellor to the king.

On a certain occasion the king became angry with his son and banished him from his kingdom. The prince left Banaras with his wife, and suffered untold troubles in foreign lands for a long time. On several occasions the prince had no roof over his head. He had to go without food. His dutiful wife shared these hardships without complaining.

As time passed, King Brahma-dutt died. The prince was very happy to learn of his father's death. He could now return to Banaras, and sit upon the throne.

So the prince started for Banaras and travelled day and night. In his anxiety to get there as quickly as possible, he neglected to look after his wife's comfort. He forced her to walk as fast as he did and to go without food and sleep as far as possible.

However anxious he was to reach Banaras he could not avoid eating. One day the couple reached a village in a state of great hunger. One of the villagers saw that they had come a long way without food, and told the prince to come to his house and accept a food parcel.

The prince asked his wife to rest under a tree, and went with



the villager. He was given a parcel of food which was enough for two. While returning to his wife, the prince said to himself, "This food is just sufficient for the two of us. I don't know when we shall be having our next meal. Banaras is still very far off. It is more important that *I* should reach Banaras. There is no hurry for her. As it is she is being a hindrance to me. But for her I should have gone much further by now. I must manage to eat all this food myself."

With his mind full of such mean thoughts, the prince returned to his wife. "Here's the food," he told her. "You walk along. I shall catch up with you after my ablutions."

Believing him she wearily walked ahead, and at once the scoundrel ate all the food. Then he made a loose bundle of the cover leaves and caught up with his wife.

"Look at this mischief," he told her showing the empty package. "Those villagers are rogues. They fooled us with an empty parcel. There is no food inside it."

His wife said nothing, but she understood everything. They travelled on for some more days, and at last arrived at Banaras. The Prince was duly crowned King of Banaras.

Now the king had no time at all to think of his wife. Though she had shared all his hardships, he did not feel it necessary to share his happiness with her.

He never bothered to inquire whether she had good clothes, good food and other luxuries. Thus the queen was completely neglected by the king. She was stricken with sorrow.

Bodhisatva, the counsellor, noticed the condition of the queen, and, one day, he went to see her. The queen received him appropriately.

"After entering into good times the king made several distributions of gifts to all of us," he said. "But I haven't received anything yet from the hand of the queen."

"Sir," the queen replied sadly, "I'm queen only in name. There is very little difference between me and the palace maids. I had the duty to share the king's misfortune, but not the right to share his fortune." She went on to narrate to Bodhisatva how, on their way to Banaras, the king had robbed her of her share of food. "Even now," she said, "the king does not care



to inquire whether I have had my food, what clothes I am wearing and so on."

"Do not worry, madam," Bodhisatva said to her, seeing that she was shedding tears. "I've suspected this much. I have come to you only to know the truth from you. Now, let me tell you something. Let us repeat our conversation tomorrow at court. I will see that the king stops neglecting you."

The next day the queen was present at court. Bodhisatva

accused her in the full court that she had not thought of the poor since she ascended the throne.

Then the queen told the court all that she had told Bodhisatva the previous day. The king was put to shame when she revealed how he had robbed her of her share of food while they were returning to Banaras.

"If the king is neglectful of you," Bodhisatva told her, "there is no reason why you should stay with him. It is said :

“चजे चजन्तं, वन्थं न कहरा

अपेत चित्तेन न सम्मजेय्य,

द्विजो दुमं स्त्रीन फलन्ति ङत्वा

अहं समेक्खेय्य, महाहि लोके ।

(Leave one who has left you.

Do not make friends with him. Be not nice to one who frowns at you. Birds leave the fruitless tree and seek other trees. The world is wide.)

"So, you can go out into the world and seek those who have consideration for you."

Hearing this, the king got up from the throne and fell at Bodhisatva's feet. "O wise counsellor! Don't put me to shame!" he begged. "I shall, henceforth, treat my wife with respect. I apologise for what I have done."

From then onwards the king treated her with the regard and consideration which she richly deserved.





8

(Samarsen and his men who were virtually imprisoned on the Isle of Sorcery came into contact with the outer world through a man from their own country. Through him they learnt about the evil plans of Kumbhand who was sent to lead a search party. They were also honoured with a surprise visit from the sorcerer, Four-eyes.)

THE sudden appearance of the sorcerer, Four-eyes, in their midst startled Samarsen and his men considerably, while the new man was positively stunned. The owl and the ape-man were there too, looking at the human beings with some curiosity.

"You needn't be afraid of me," said Four-eyes looking at them

and smiling. "Harming others is no business of mine. If I have an enemy at all it is only that One-eye. If he was not out to destroy me I shouldn't have looked upon him as my enemy. Well, who is this new person?" Four-eyes pointed his finger at the new arrival as he asked the question.

CHANDAMAMA



"I am Dhan-pal the soldier," the new man replied, still in awe of the sorcerer. "When I was in great danger, these good people saved me."

"Speaking of danger," Four-eyes said, still continuing to smile, "You may consider yourselves to be on the brink of great peril. Hitherto you have been in danger of One-eye alone. But now a new source of peril has been added. It lies south of the hills on this isle in the shape of men belonging to your own species."



Even while Four-eyes warned them of the danger, two tribesmen were watching Samarsen and his men from behind the bushes. But neither Samarsen nor the other men suspected it.

"Four-eyes," said Samarsen, "You are a sorcerer and yet you impress me as a good person. If you are certain about the danger that is to befall us, kindly let us know how to avoid it."

Four-eyes did not reply at once. When he finally nodded his head and began to speak, he spoke on an entirely different subject. "This isle has become a source of danger," he said, "because of the ship that got scuttled on the west coast. It is well known that the ship contains great wealth. Most people believe that money can get everything. Sorcerer One-eye wants that wealth. I want the mermaid guarding the ship. If you tell me what *you* want I shall try to be of some help to you."

At that very moment Dhan-pal the soldier uttered a frightened,





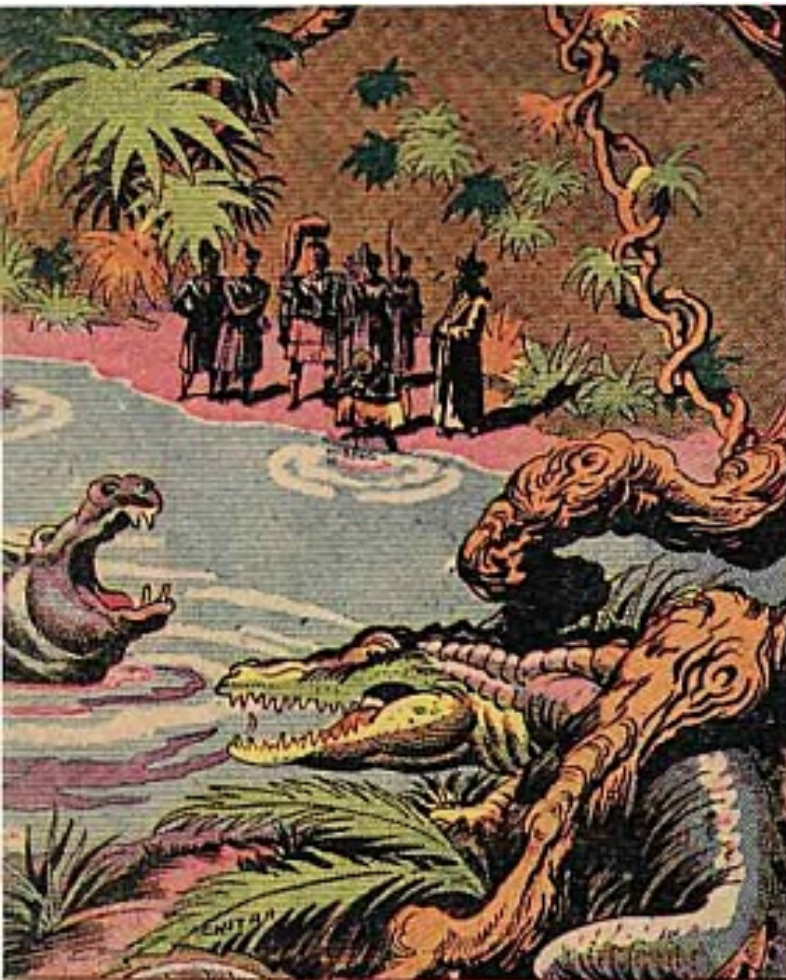
piercing cry. Samarsen and his men turned to him and anxiously asked him, "What is it? What happened?"

"Look, look! There they are again! The devils that tied me up to the trees!" Dhan-pal shrieked in panic, pointing at the bushes in the distance.

Samarsen and his men could make out a couple of tribesmen crouching behind the bushes. At once, Samarsen took up his bow and an arrow but Four-eyes dissuaded him. "Samarsen," he said, "they can elude your arrow. Your arrow can arrest the flying hawk and the leaping panther but those fellows can outrun it. Leave them to me!"

Then he called his owl and the ape-man. These two who were hovering around, at once stood before their master. Four-eyes told the ape-man to run after the tribesmen and destroy them and instructed the owl to reconnoitre the surrounding area. At once the ape-man ran off





and soon caught hold of one of the two tribesmen who were trying to escape. The unfortunate fellow began to yell at the top of his voice while the ape-man whirled him round once or twice and then flung him away to fall on some rocks.

In the meantime the owl chased the other tribesman. It began to claw him and peck him on the head, hooting fearfully all the time. It gladdened the hearts of the men to watch this unusual fight.

“I am thirsty,” said Dhanpal presently. “Is there any drinking water around here?”

“On this isle,” said Four-eyes, “it is not safe to drink water wherever you find it. Follow me, and I shall show you a pool of healthy water.”

Four-eyes took them to a pool in which they could see some hippos, crocodiles and other dangerous beasts. Dhanpal quenched his thirst without stepping into the pool.

Samarsen was thinking of Kumbhand and what Dhanpal had said about him. Suddenly it now occurred to him that Kumbhand constituted the danger from beyond the hills on the south of the isle—the danger of which Four-eyes had warned him. It was quite likely that Kumbhand was thinking of taking possession of the treasure in the ship with the help of the tribesmen. But, then, there was the mermaid watching the ship.

“Four-eyes,” he said to the sorcerer, “does this mermaid



always keep watch over the ship? Can one see the ship or is it wrapped in mystery?"

"There's no mystery at all," said Four-eyes. "You can actually see the ship. Come with me!"

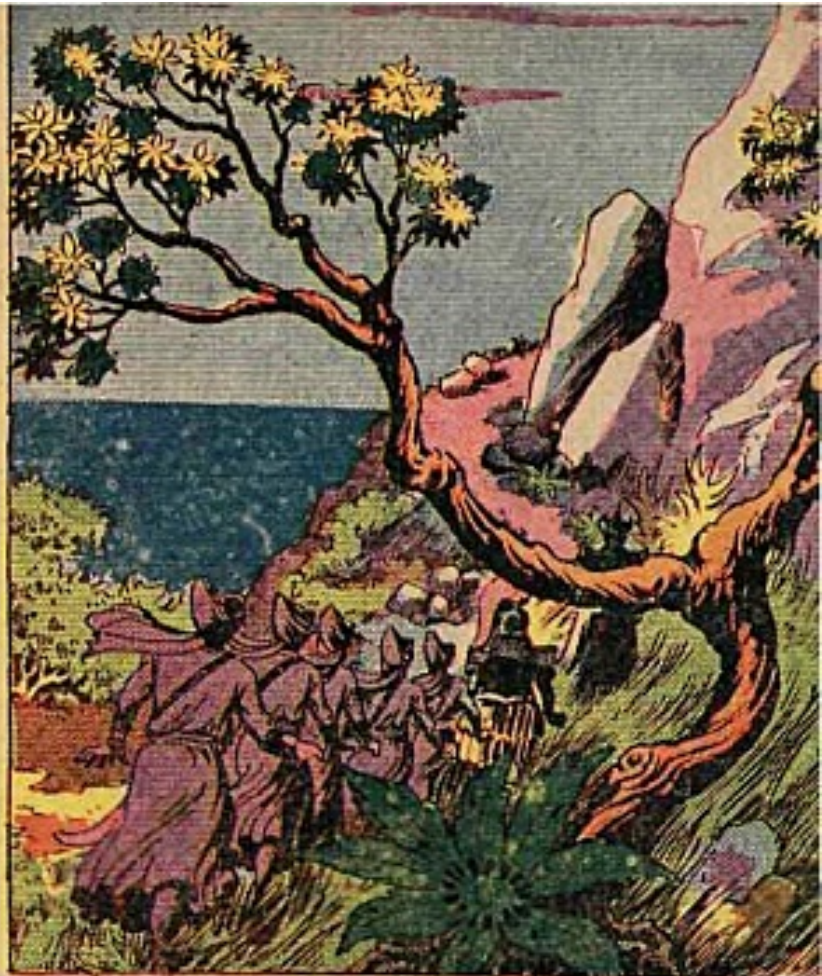
With Four-eyes leading the way Samarsen and his men climbed upon to elevated ground and walked towards the top of a cliff. From here they could see the tranquil waters of the ocean.

"There it is!" said Four-eyes. "Can you see the ship?"

Samarsen and his men looked in the direction in which Four-eyes was pointing. They could distinctly make out the ship. It lay on its side with its masts and tattered sails tilted, half-sunk in the waters, rocking gently on the waves. But there was no sign of the mermaid who was supposed to be guarding it.

"Where is the mermaid?" Samarsen asked Four-eyes. "I can't see her."

Four-eyes smiled as he replied, "If everyone can see the mermaid



so easily, of what earthly use is our sorcery? Only I and One-eye may see the mermaid. While I am in love with her, One-eye has declared himself her deadly enemy since he covets the wealth guarded by her. Though our interests are different, for a reason which I cannot reveal to you, we are racing against each other and hence our enmity."

Samarsen did not grasp the whole affair but he now knew enough to realise that his earlier idea of getting at the treasure







in the ship and sailing away to Kundalini with it was simply childish. He could never do it. Even if he attempted to do it, there was Kumbhand the traitor to oppose him. But the real hurdle was the Sorcerer One-eye. Above everything, there was the mermaid, who could not even be seen without the aid of sorcery, guarding the wealth.

As these thoughts passed in Samarsen's mind Four-eyes must have divined them. For, he laughed loudly and said. "Samarsen, I too have an idea. I've known for a long time that you have your eye on the wealth in the ship. As far as that wealth is concerned my interests do not clash with yours. There your rival is One-eye. But I am wondering whether we can pool our resources!"

Samarsen was greatly surprised and equally glad. This might mean eventually getting away from this accursed isle—a new hope. That traitor, Kumbhand, must be destroyed. If possible,



the wealth in the ship should be got at... And yet... Why had this wealth been lying in that ship in the sea!...

Samarsen was anxious to know the details.

"Four-eyes," he said, "it is natural that ordinary men should fear sorcerers. However, there is good deal of difference between you and One-eye. You appear to be kind-hearted and gentle. If only I could be of any use to you, I should feel very proud indeed. But, first, I wish to know about the origin of that



ship and the wealth in it, if you should be kind enough to tell me."

After some hesitation Four-eyes said, "It is all a very long story. Even if I have time to tell it to you, you may not have the patience to listen. However, I shall tell you a few salient facts

"I wonder if you have ever heard of the Shaman Isle. It is also possible that you call it by some other name. Well, at one time King Sakteya ruled that isle. You may have heard of him. He worshipped Goddess Chandika. There was none to excel him in magic.

"During one Dassera the worship was in full swing when the goddess was heard speaking

louder than the noise of the crowds. She said:

"'My children! I am pleased with your devotion. But I am not satisfied with mere worship. Build me a temple!'

"'O Mother!' Sakteya said prostrating himself on the ground. 'I will build you a temple as high as the sky!'

"'But my temple cannot be built with stone and mortar,' the goddess said. 'I want a temple of silver and a spire of gold. Only then will I be pleased!'

"Sakteya was trembling with fear. How could he disobey the Mother? Where could he get enough silver and gold to build a huge temple?...'" (To be continued)



THE MIGHTY AND THE LOW


LONG, long ago, the Lion called for a meeting of all the beasts because there were several things to be settled.

All the creatures of the realm attended the meeting from the Elephant down to the humblest Crayfishes. Being the king, the Lion was in the chair, and the rest of the animals began a heated debate. The Bear, the Elephant and the Hippo shouted their best and drowned the feeble voices of the lesser creatures.

But the real trouble started when the clumsy Elephant trod on one Crayfish. The other Crayfishes protested. But the bigger animals decided that it was not necessary to make so much fuss over a mere Crayfish.

So the Crayfishes got wild and walked out on the meeting. They burrowed their way into the earth leaving holes that reached right to the sea. There were so many of the Crayfishes burrowing into the earth that presently the sea water rushed up through them. The land, the mountains and all the creatures on earth were drowned in the surging waters and there was a deluge. Thus the mighty creatures paid for their contempt for the so-called low creatures.





Self - Sacrifice

VIKRAM, undaunted, went back to the tree, and got the corpse down. As he started walking towards the burial ground with the corpse on his shoulder, Bethal laughed out loud, and said, "O King, you remind me of Jeemooth-vahan. Let me tell you his tale." Then he narrated the following:

In the Himalayan ranges, there was once a city called Kanchan. King Jeemooth-ketu ruled it. In his backyard there was the all-giving *Kalpa* tree. Several generations of his ancestors had obtained all that they wanted from it.

Jeemooth-vahan was the son of Jeemooth-ketu. As soon as the boy came of age, his father

Stories of Bethal

crowned him as the future king. On that occasion the ministers of state told the crown prince, "O Prince, the *Kalpa* tree has been the greatest blessing to your family. For a long time it has protected your ancestors from their enemies besides granting all their requests. You too can have your desires fulfilled by seeking its help."

Jeemooth-vahan was not glad to hear these words. On the contrary, he was very unhappy. "What a pity," he said to himself, "that my ancestors had this all-giving *Kalpa* tree and yet they kept it to themselves only, instead of doing good to others. In this world the only thing that lives eternally is an act of charity. What has happened to those who called this tree their own? They are gone! I shall not use this tree for my own selfish ends."

He then went to the tree and prayed to it, "O great *Kalpa*! Over several generations we have taken all that we wanted from you. Now, I have one request to make to you. The world is full



of the needy and the poor. Kindly go away and satisfy their needs and wishes."

The tree disappeared forthwith. There were good rains all over the earth. The earth yielded up bumper crops, and not a single person starved.

But the nearest of kin came to know that the *Kalpa* tree was no longer with Jeemooth-ketu and his son. They collected their armies and marched upon the city of Kanchan, hoping to conquer it easily. The old king wanted to make preparations for war

but the young prince told his father, "Why should we fight, father? Are we going to kill our own kin for the sake of this kingdom? No! Let them rule for sometime if they want to! We shall go away and find our happiness somewhere else!"

"As you wish, son!" the old king said. "If you are not anxious about your throne, I am not going to be worried at all."

Jeemooth-vahan handed over his kingdom to his kin and went south with his father and mother. They settled on the *Malaya* hill

where people of the Siddha race dwelt. There Mitra-vasu, the Siddha Prince became a close friend of Jeemooth-vahan.

One day Jeemooth-vahan went for a walk on the hill. As he approached the Gowri's temple, he heard someone playing upon a *veena* and singing prayers to Gowri. He went inside and saw an extremely graceful girl there. Her girl friend introduced her to him as Malaya-vati, sister of Mitra-vasu.

Malayavati was somewhat confused. She did not know how



to greet him. So she took one of the flower-garlands she had brought for worship, and put it round his neck. But, immediately, Jeemooth-vahan removed it from his neck and placed it round hers. Mitra-vasu laughed heartily when he learnt about this incident. He discovered that the young man and Malayavati, were in love, and married them.

One day, some time later, Jeemooth-vahan and Mitra-vasu were walking down the hill towards the sea. As they went along, Jeemooth-vahan saw

several heaps of bones, and asked his friend about them.

"You know about the undying feud between Garud and the Nagas," Mitra-vasu replied. "In his blind hatred for them, Garud began to destroy the Nagas to such an extent that Vasuki, the King of the Nagas had to enter into an agreement with Garud by which one Naga was sent every day for Garud to eat. These heaps of bones belong to the unfortunate Nagas eaten by Garud every day according to the agreement."





As he heard this Jeemooth-vahan's heart filled with pity for the Nagas. "What a calamity for the poor race!" he thought. "This Vasuki must be a coward, or he would not let his enemy eat his people day after day. He should have let Garud eat him before he made such a beastly compact! Is not Garud himself a heartless wretch, to eat one Naga every day and bring misery to one Naga family?"

"Shall we go back now?" Mitra - vasu said at last. "It is long since we left home."

"You go first," said Jeemooth-vahan. "I shall follow you soon. I want to see this place more in detail."

Actually Jeemooth-vahan did not intend to go back. He decided to become Garud's food for the day, and thus save at least one unhappy Naga. After sending away his brother-in-law, he walked towards the stone on which Garud ate the Nagas.

Soon he heard lamentations and saw an old Naga woman and her son coming towards the stone. "Ah, my son, Sankha! What is going to happen to me after you are gone?" the old woman was crying pitifully.

"Don't cry, mother," the young Naga advised her. "It does no good at all! Return home now. My time is up and if you tarry here, you will have to see me killed and eaten."

"Good mother," Jeemooth-vahan said to the old woman, stepping forward, "don't weep for your son. Today I shall substitute your son as food for Garud. Go back home with him."

“How sweet you are, my son!” the old one replied. “Are you not as dear to me as my own child after what you have said? Is not your death as painful to me as that of my child? No, I cannot let you sacrifice yourself.”

Sankha had very little time left. He sent his mother back and ran to the temple of Gokarna for a final worship. Before the boy returned Jeemooth-vahan noticed Garud flying towards the spot. He promptly went up to the stone and stood there.

Garud took him to be a Naga. He laid Jeemooth-vahan on the stone and began to tear at his body with his beak. He was somewhat puzzled to see that this particular Naga showed no signs of fear of death. On the contrary he appeared to be quite pleased with himself.

Soon Sankha returned running and shouting, “Stop, Garud, stop! He is not a Naga whom you are eating! I am the one! Don’t eat him, eat me!”



Garud turned to Jeemooth-vahan in surprise and asked him, “If you are not a Naga, why do you let me eat you?”

“Because you are entirely heartless,” Jeemooth-vahan replied, “you eat a Naga every day without the least compunction. But I know how dear life is. So I wanted to make the gift of life to at least one Naga.”

“O Great One!” said Garud in remorse. “Pardon me for my sin which I committed in ignorance.”

“One, who knowingly commits the same sin day in and day out, cannot be pardoned,” Jeemooth-vahan retorted.

“I will never touch Nagas again,” said Garud. “Only you must pardon me!”

Sankha's life was saved. Jeemooth-vahan too returned home.

Having narrated this story, Bethal said, “O King, which of them was the nobler, Jeemooth-vahan who was prepared to give up his life for Sankha or Sankha who saved his saviour from death? If you know the answer and still do not speak your head shall be split.”

“Jeemooth-vahan was kind-hearted,” Vikram replied. “He

considered it his duty to sacrifice his own life in order to save the life of another. If not for Sankha, he would have willingly laid down his life for another person. But Sankha's case was entirely different. In the first place he had to die without his own volition; he was chosen as Garud's food for the day. If he could escape dying that day he was free for life from an unnatural death. Knowing this full well, Sankha did try to save Jeemooth-vahan. Hence he was the nobler of the two.”

Since the king's silence was broken, Bethal disappeared with the corpse, and went back to the tree.



THE STUPID WOLF

ONE day a washerman's Donkey wanted to rid himself of the drudgery of carrying bundles of clothes. He went into the forest where there was plenty to eat and none to obey.

But soon the Donkey found that there were other hazards in the forest. For he saw a hungry Wolf approaching him. At once, the Donkey thought of a plan to escape from the Wolf, and began to limp with one of his hind legs.

The Wolf was pleased to see that his victim was not only a donkey which was considered stupid, but also lame and incapable of running away.

"Well, my friend," said the Wolf to the Donkey. "What is the matter with your leg?"

"I was foolish enough to get a thorn into my leg," replied the Donkey. "You look hungry. Probably you want to eat me. In that case, it is better for you to remove the thorn first."

"Let's have a look at it!" said the Wolf, and went behind the Donkey. The Donkey lifted up its foot and, while the Wolf was busy examining it, gave him such a terrible kick in the face that the stupid Wolf lost all his teeth.

The Donkey too thought better about leaving the washerman and went back to him without delay.



THE CLEVER RABBIT

THE fox made several attempts to catch the Rabbit and eat him. But the Rabbit was always too cautious and too clever for him.

One day the Fox made a doll of tar, coloured it cleverly and put the doll by the side of the path along which the Rabbit took his walk.

As usual the Rabbit came along the path, saw the doll and stopped. Then he asked the doll, "Well, who are you?" The Rabbit repeated the question several times but the doll did not reply. The Rabbit got wild and hit the doll with his paw which got stuck..

"Leave my hand or I'll slap you again," said the Rabbit, hitting the doll with his other hand. Thus the poor Rabbit got stuck to the doll. In his efforts to get his hands free he got his legs too into the tar.

Soon he heard the Fox's laughter and guessed that he was in danger.

"How do you do, brother?" said the Fox. "There's very little chance of your escaping this time."

"No, brother," said the Rabbit. "I am not thinking of escaping you this time. Burn me in a fire and eat me if you want. But, please, please, do not fling me into the briar bushes."

"I've no fire at hand," said the Fox.

"Then cut me into bits with a knife," said the Rabbit. "But, for pity's sake, don't throw me into the briar bushes. I cannot bear the torture."

"Is that so?" said the Fox. He had a grudge against the Rabbit for all the trouble he had caused him in the past. "Into the briar bushes you go!"

So saying, the Fox disentangled the Rabbit from the tar-doll and flung him into the briar bushes nearby. Then the Fox sat waiting to hear the groans of the suffering Rabbit.

But there were no groans. After sometime, there was a shout from a distance, "Thank you, brother Fox! Thank you! You know, I was born and brought up in the briar bushes. Good-bye!" And the Rabbit ran away, leaving the Fox sour and foolish.



On God's Advice

THERE was once a poor peasant who had seven children. He was so poor that he could not provide his children even with a dry crust. He was not inclined to work hard, nor bold enough to steal.

One day, the peasant stood on the highway, wondering what he should do to make both ends meet, when he saw Igori the Brave come along the road.

"Greetings, friend!" said the peasant. "Where are you going?"

"To see God," Igori replied.

"What for?" asked the peasant.

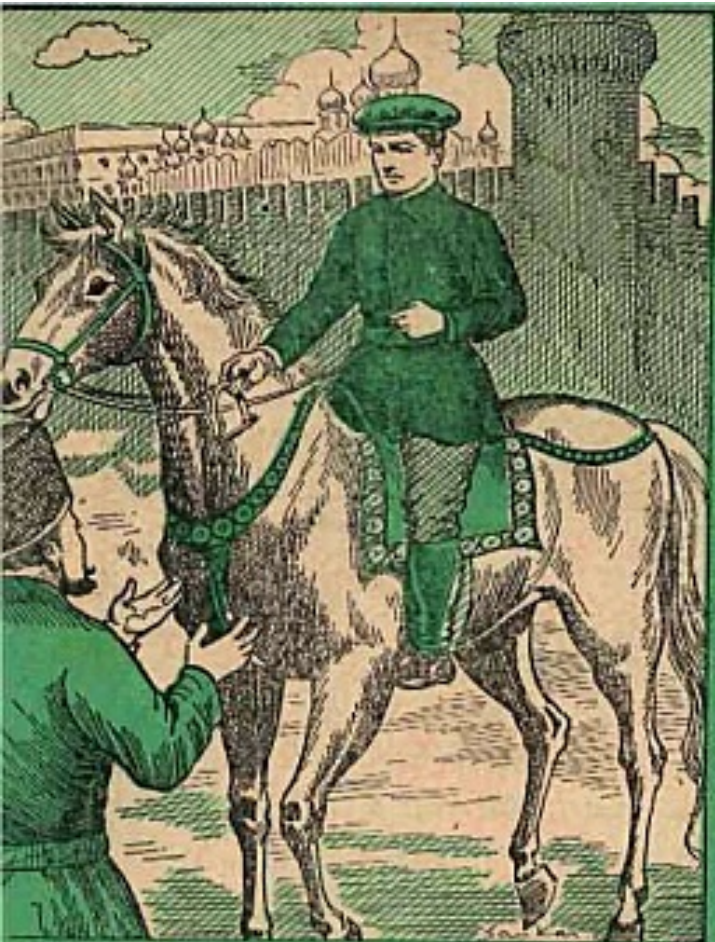
"To inquire what men should do," Igori replied.

"Will you please find out what God wishes me to do? I shall

be very much obliged to you if you can get me God's advice," the peasant begged Igori.

Igori said, "I will," and went his way. This Igori was a huge fraud. Several credulous people believed that he had the power to interview God and requested him to carry their problems to God and bring back His advice. He listened to their problems, took their money and went away. After some time he came back and told them, "God wants you to do this." They were very greatly satisfied. Igori bought himself a fine dress and a golden saddle for his horse.

The peasant waited on the highway for the return of Igori. When Igori came the peasant



asked him, "Well, what does God want me to do? Did you speak to Him about me?"

"I forgot to ask Him about you," Igori replied.

The next time Igori appeared on the highway, going to God, the peasant told him, "Be sure to ask God about me this time. Don't you forget!"

Igori assented, but when the peasant met him on his return, he said, "Again I forgot to ask God about you." Igori hoped that the peasant would pay him money not to forget.

The peasant waited for Igori, and saw him going on another trip to God.

"Please tell God about my miserable condition without fail, at least this time. Poverty is tormenting me," he said to Igori.

"I won't forget," Igori replied.

"But you'll forget again," said the peasant. "Leave one of your golden stirrups with me, so that you'll never forget me in your entire life."

Igori wanted to refuse but he was afraid of the peasant. Igori the Brave was in reality a coward. So he took off one of his golden stirrups, and gave it to the peasant.

The peasant waited on the highway till Igori returned. Then he asked Igori, "What does God want me to do?"

"It was a good thing that you took my golden stirrup. For I nearly forgot about you. After talking to God I went back to my horse and then only did I remember your petition."

"Yes, yes!" said the peasant anxiously. "And what advice

did God give for me? How does he want me to keep alive? Do tell me!"

"God said that you can never live by any means," Igori told the peasant. "He wants you to live by perjury."

"Thanks for the help, friend," the peasant said to Igori and turned to go.

"Wait! Stop! Where are you going?" Igori shouted to the peasant. "Give me back my golden stirrup before you go!"

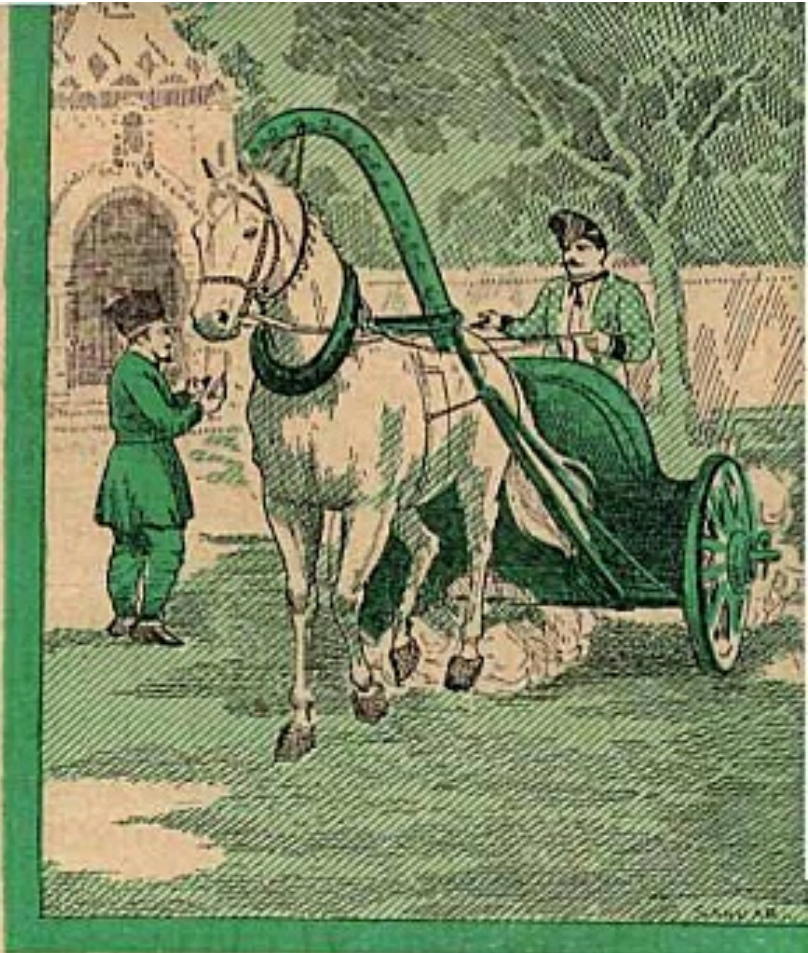
"What stirrup?" asked the peasant in surprise.

"The one you took from me the other day," said Igori.

"When did I ever take a stirrup from you?" asked the peasant. "I never saw you before."

Igori was nonplussed. There was no use of arguing with the man. He might turn nasty. What the peasant had said came true: because of giving him the stirrup, Igori was not going to forget the peasant in his life.

The peasant tried to sell the golden stirrup to several persons.



One day, a zamindar saw the stirrup and wanted to buy it.

"What will you take for it?" the zamindar asked the peasant.

"Fifteen hundred silver pieces, Your Highness," said the peasant.

"Is this stirrup worth fifteen hundred?" the zamindar asked the peasant. "It's made of solid gold!" replied the peasant.

The zamindar counted the money in his bag and found that he had only a thousand pieces of silver.

"Take the thousand and give me the stirrup. I shall send you

the rest of the money through my servant. You needn't be afraid," said the zamindar.

"Give me what you have and send me the balance. I shall not give the stirrup until I'm fully paid," the peasant replied.

The zamindar gave the peasant the thousand silver pieces and went home. He counted out five hundred more pieces, gave them to his servant and said to him, "Give this money to the peasant and bring the gold stirrup from him."

The servant went to the peasant and said, "Master wants you to take this money."

"Then I'll take it," said the peasant.

The servant handed over the money to the peasant and said, "Now give me the stirrup and I shall go."

"What stirrup?" asked the peasant.

"The gold stirrup my master bought from you," the servant replied. "I've no gold stirrup," said the peasant.



"Then why did you take the money? Give it back to me," the servant demanded.

"Money?" said the peasant. "What money?"

"Didn't I give you five hundred pieces of silver just now?" the servant asked in surprise.

"I've not seen even five coppers," the peasant replied.

The servant returned to the zamindar and told him how the peasant had cheated him. The zamindar went to the peasant and shouted at him:

"You cheat! How dare you take the money from my servant and refuse to give the gold stirrup?"

"I'm an old man and a poor man, Your Honour," the peasant said. "How is it possible that I should be having gold stirrups?"

"I see your game," said the zamindar. "I know how to deal with you. Come with me to the court."

"I can come," said the peasant, "but look at me, a poor man hard up for food. And look at



my dirty clothes. It is not good that you should be seen going to the court with me in these rags. If I had some decent clothes I could accompany you this very minute."

"Don't worry about clothes," said the zamindar. "I can give you some. Let us go."

The peasant dressed himself in the fine clothes brought from the zamindar's house and both of them went to the court.

"This man promised to sell me a gold stirrup," the zamindar complained to the court. "He took the full value thereof and yet he refuses to give me the stirrup."

"Your Honour," the peasant pleaded before the judge, "I am an old man and a poor man. I

am so poor that, at times, I cannot give my children even a crust of bread. How is it possible for me to come by gold stirrups? I really don't know what this gentleman demands of me. Perhaps he will be demanding the clothes I am wearing next."

"But they *are* mine! I gave them to you!" the zamindar protested.

"There he goes!" said the peasant. "That is *his* justice."

The judge did not care to hear any further. He dismissed the complaint brought by the Zamindar against the peasant and sent both of them away. On the "advice of God" the peasant went on making his livelihood by perjuring himself.



RIVALS

A certain guru had two pupils who were always at loggerheads with each other. The guru had a hard time seeing that their duties did not clash. The boys were in the habit of massaging the guru's legs when he lay down to sleep. Even here the poor teacher had to earmark the right leg to one boy and the left leg to the other:

Once one of the boys—the one who was in charge of the guru's left leg—had to go home for a while. The other boy massaged the right leg of the guru and went out. The teacher called him, begging that he should massage the other leg too. But the boy who hated his rival, hated "his" leg too. So he brought a stone and hit the left leg of the guru, instead of massaging it. The poor guru shrieked with pain and cursed the stupid pupil. The doctor was called for and he bandaged the injured leg.

In a few days the boy who had been away returned and saw the bandaged leg of his guru. "O guru!" he said in agony. "What happened to *my* leg?"

The guru told him what had happened.

"The scoundrel!" said the boy in rage. "See what I shall do to *his* leg!"

Before the unfortunate guru could guess what was going to happen the enraged boy brought a much bigger stone and severely injured the other leg saying, "That will teach him!"





ONE day King Bhoja mounted his horse and went to hunt in the forest. As he neared the forest he saw a brook flowing across his path. He also saw a poor Brahman wade the brook and come towards him with a heap of firewood which he had collected in the forest. The following conversation took place between the king and the Brahman:

“कियन्मानं जलं, विप्र ?” (How deep is the water, Brahman?)

“जानुदधनं नराधिय ।” (Knee-deep, O King!) “इदृशी किमवस्था ते ?” (Why are you in such a plight?)

“नहि सर्वे भवाद्दशाः” (All men are not like you.)

King Bhoja was touched with the last words of the Brahman and told him, “Go to my

treasurer, and tell him to give you a lakh of rupees.” Then, Bhoja went on his way.

The Brahman was mightily pleased with what the king had told him. He threw away the bundle of fire-wood and went to the palace. He managed to see the Treasurer and said to him, “Sir, the king told me to take a lakh of rupees from you.”

The treasurer looked the poor Brahman up and down and could not believe him. “I can’t give anything without direct instructions from the king,” he said.

The Brahman went away and came back to see the treasurer after King Bhoja returned.

“The king didn’t tell me anything,” said the treasurer. “How can I give you the money?”

“Did you ask him, sir?” the Brahman asked him.

“If he intends to give will he not tell me?” snapped the treasurer. “Why should I ask him?”

The Brahman went to King Bhoja and told him, “Your Majesty, you asked me to take a lakh of rupees from the treasurer. But he says that he cannot pay unless he has orders to do so. What am I to do?”

“I am sorry,” said King Bhoja. “Go to the treasurer, and tell him that I want him to give you two lakhs of rupees.”

But the treasurer still refused to pay. Also he insulted the Brahman by calling him names. The Brahman, enraged, went back to the king and said:

राजन्, कनकधाराभिः त्वयि सर्वत्र वर्षति
अभाग्यच्छत्र सम्पन्ने मयि नायान्ति बिन्दवः

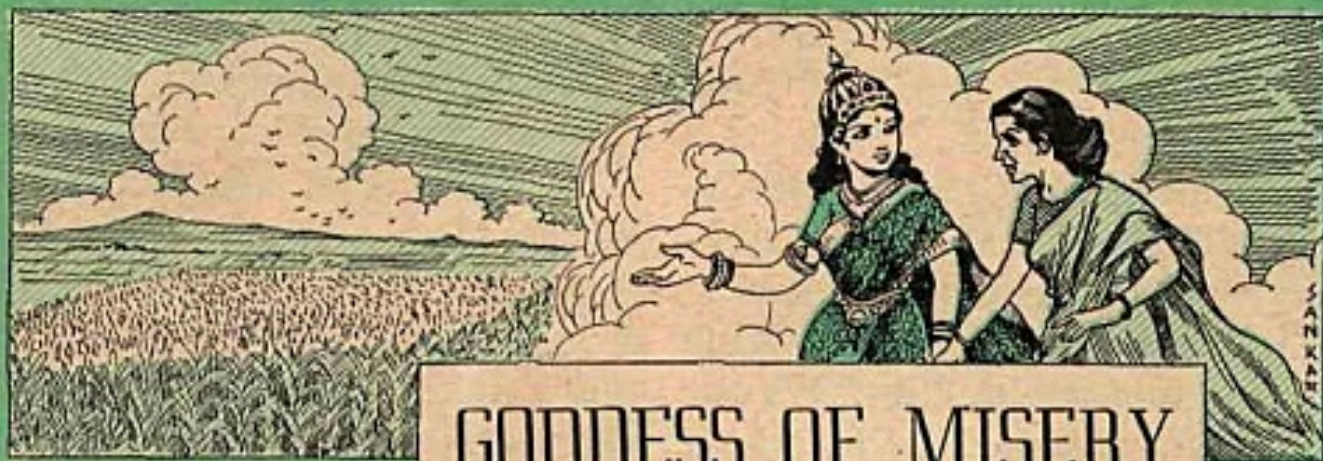
त्वयि वर्षति पर्जन्ये सर्वे पल्लविताद्रमाः
अस्माकं मर्क वृक्षाणां पूर्वं पत्रेषु संशयः

(O King! You rain gold everywhere. But, since I am under the umbrella of misfortune, not a drop falls on me. Thanks to this rain of yours every other plant gets new life and puts on new shoots but this wretched *arkā* plant is in danger of losing even the leaves it had previously.)

It was true that the poor Brahman had not collected even fire-wood since he received the promise of money from the king and was the poorer for it.

King Bhoja sent for the treasurer and told him to pay out three lakhs of rupees to the Brahman, and also to make him a gift of ten elephants. The Brahman went away a happy man.





GODDESS OF MISERY

IN a village there was a peasant who always worshipped the Goddess of Wealth. So Wealth always favoured him.

One day the Goddess of Wealth came towards the village of the peasant accompanied by her elder sister, the Goddess of Misery. On the way the younger one showed the elder a field of paddy and said, "See, sister, how nicely the crop is coming up. This field belongs to a peasant. He is so lucky that if he touches brick it turns to gold."

Misery surveyed the field with narrowed eyes. "Just within a week," she said ominously, "there will be such heavy rain that this field will yield—nothing."

That evening Wealth went to the peasant's house and said to

him, "My man, sell all your crop in advance, tomorrow. Otherwise you will be a ruined man."

The peasant went to a merchant, sold his crop and took half the money as an advance. A few days later there was a continuous down-pour of rain. Of the fields in the locality the peasant's was the worst hit.

The sisters went there to survey the ruin, "Didn't I tell you so?" said Misery. "Tell me what the peasant will get out of this field."

"I think he has already got it," replied Wealth. "He sold the crop in advance to a merchant."

"Is that so?" said Misery with compunction. "The poor merchant will be ruined, won't he? I must make the field yield a better crop than usual."

Wealth went to the peasant again and advised him to buy the crop back from the merchant. The peasant went to the merchant and said, "Sir, you sustained a terrible loss. I shall take back the crop. You need not pay me the rest of the money."

The merchant gladly accepted the offer and gave the peasant in writing his word in which he surrendered all claims on the crop to the peasant.

The uprooted crop stood up again as if by magic and at the end of the season there was a bumper yield for the peasant.

Misery showed her younger sister the standing crop in the peasant's field and said, "You can see that I have managed to give the merchant full value for his money."

But Wealth said, "No, sister. I think the peasant bought the crop back from the merchant and the profit is all *his*."

Misery ground her teeth in rage. "The wretch!" she hissed. "He keeps undoing whatever I want to do. I will see that he



gets not more than two measures of grain per stack."

Wealth again went to the peasant and advised him thus, "After cutting the crop put it up in as many stacks as you can. Otherwise you will be ruined."

The peasant did likewise and he had so much grain that his barn could not hold more than a third of it. In order to store the rest he got two more barns built.

A few days passed by. Misery was shocked when she saw the newly built barns. "What is the meaning of all this?" she asked.

"It's all your own doing," Wealth replied. "You wanted him to get two measures of grain per stack and he put up the sheaves into thousands of stacks. He had so much grain that he had to build new barns."

At long last Misery was able to guess that her own sister was helping the man she had intended to ruin.

"All right!" Misery said threateningly, "See what I am going to do to him next!"

"What is your plan?" Wealth asked her.

"Oh, no!" said Misery, "I'm going to tell you nothing. You've been helping him."

But Wealth was not to be stumped. She went to the peasant and told him what to do. Next morning, when, both the sisters

went to the peasant's house, the whole place was noisy and astir with music and bustle.

The sisters took on the shapes of poor women and went into the house. Wealth asked the peasant, "What is all this bustle about, my man?"

"Well, auntie," the peasant replied. "I am going to worship the Goddess of Misery. Thanks to her I made a lot of profit this year."

When they came out Wealth said, "Why, sister? He has known all along that it was you who had been helping him, though you blamed *me* for going to his help."

"Yes, my dear," said the stupid Misery. "He seems to be a nice fellow really. I am sure he deserves all that I did for him."



DISCRIMINATION

ONE day an acquaintance gave Goha a chicken. Goha had it cooked, and invited the acquaintance to have food with him.

Soon after the departure of the guest some one knocked on the door and inquired if he could come in and have food. Goha opened the door and, seeing a stranger, asked him, "Who are you, brother?"

"I'm the neighbour of the man who gave you the chicken," said the stranger.

"Come right in, friend," said Goha. He fed the stranger and sent him away.

Presently there was another knock on the door. Goha opened the door and found another stranger. "Now, who are you?" Goha asked him.

"Oh, I'm a friend of the friend of the man who gave you the chicken. May I come in and eat?" the new man asked.

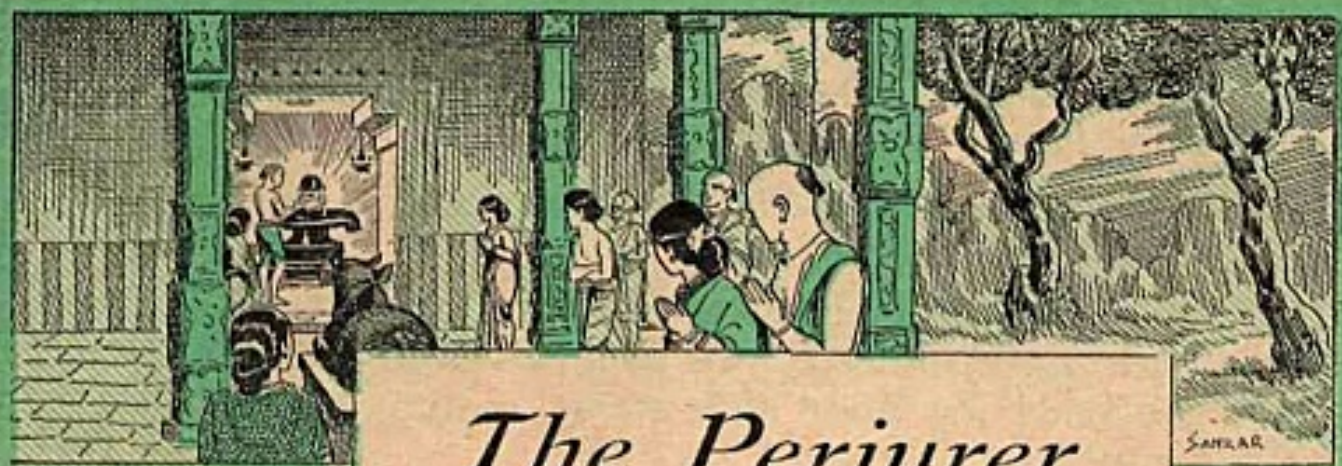
"Sure," said Goha. "Come in and have a seat."

Then he brought a dish of greasy water and placed it before the guest, and said, "Carry on, friend!"

The stranger looked at the dish with loathing and asked Goha, "What is this?"

"Ah," replied Goha, "this is the sister of the sister of the water in which the chicken of the friend of your friend was cooked!" The stranger's face fell on hearing these words. He got up and went away.





The Perjurer

THERE was once a Brahman who was not well-versed in the Vedas. But he knew enough to conduct occasional worship of the gods. Yet, he was such a mean person that no one called him in even for such small affairs. So, failing to make a living in his village, he started out into the world to make his fortune.

At the outskirts of a village, he saw a neglected temple of Shiva. No worship was being carried on there. So the Brahman took upon himself the job of the *pujari* of the temple. He went into the village. He met the elders of the village, and told them that Lord Shiva had appeared to him in a dream, and exhorted him to restore worship in the

temple and that he had travelled fifty miles to do so.

These efforts bore some fruit. Some of the villagers began to visit the temple every day and leave their offerings to Shiva with the *pujari*. But the Brahman was disappointed to see no money coming forth. He could stay in the temple all his life, and yet make no money worth mentioning.

The Brahman thought he had had enough of this Shiva. So one night he got up, kicked the god with his foot, and went away to seek his fortune elsewhere.

By dawn he met an old man who also was going nowhere in particular. They made a pact to travel together, and share each other's luck or ill-luck.

At noon they sought the shade of a tree and prepared to eat whatever food they had. The *pujari* had brought with him all the offerings of the previous evening at the temple. The old man had a bundle of rice-flakes. They started with the rice-flakes. But before they could finish them their appetite was satisfied. After the meal the old man lay down to have a nap. The *pujari* then stole the bundle of the old man and ate the rest of the rice-flakes.

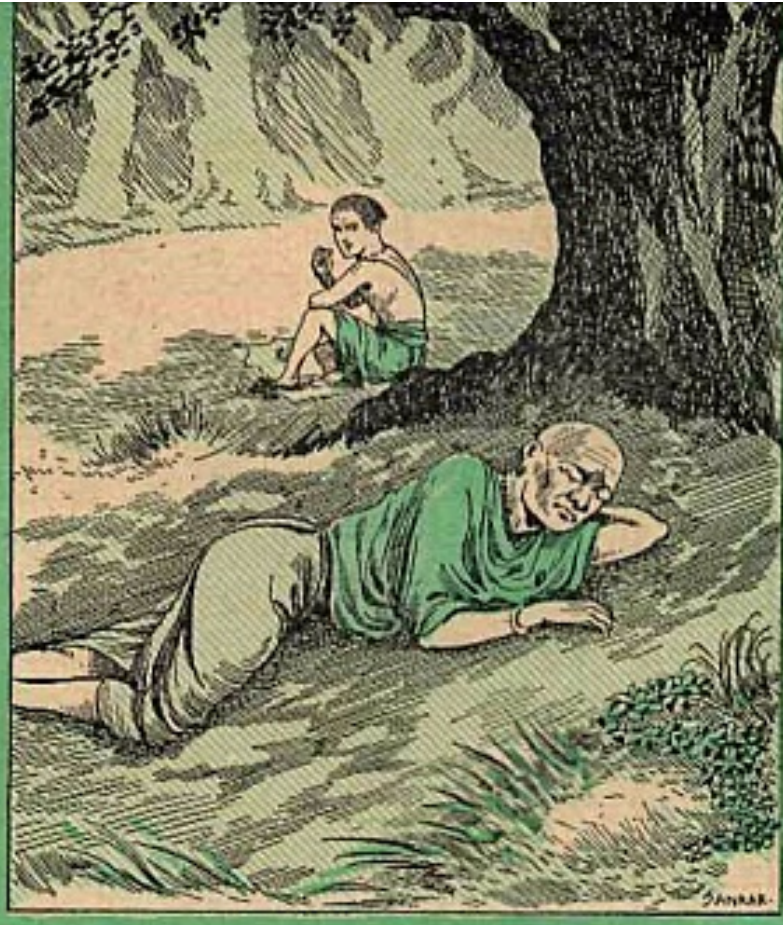
When the old man woke up, he searched for his rice-flakes and, not finding them, asked the *pujari* if he had taken them.

"No," said the *pujari*, "I don't know about them."

"Never mind!" said the old man.

Soon they reached a city. They heard that the king's daughter was dangerously ill. The king had announced that he would give as much gold as could be carried by the person who was able to cure his daughter.

"We can easily cure this king's daughter," the old man told the



pujari. "Let us save her life, poor child!"

"And the king will pay us gold," said the *pujari* greedily.

"As much as we can carry!"

They went to the palace. The princess was at death's door.

"O King," said the old man, "in case you have given up all hope of her recovery put her in our charge. We shall carry out a secret treatment on her."

The king did not believe him. But he had no hope of his daughter recovering at all. So he agreed to put the princess in the

old man's charge. The old man rented a suitable house for the treatment. In the middle of it he dug a huge pit and kindled fire in it. He brought a big cistern filled with milk. He went into this house with the sick princess, and the *pujari*.

The *pujari* observed very carefully everything the old man did. The old man first threw the princess into the fire-pit. Soon she was burnt to ashes.

"That's fine!" said the old man. "Let us now bring her back to life."

He picked up a few charred bones of the princess and put them in the cistern of milk. At once the princess stood alive in the milk cistern, glowing with health and beauty, rid of all disease.

The king was so glad to have his daughter restored to full health, that he treated the two guests with utmost respect. He ordered his men to bring all the gold coins he had.

"I cannot repay you," he told them. "This is only a token of my gratitude to you. Oblige



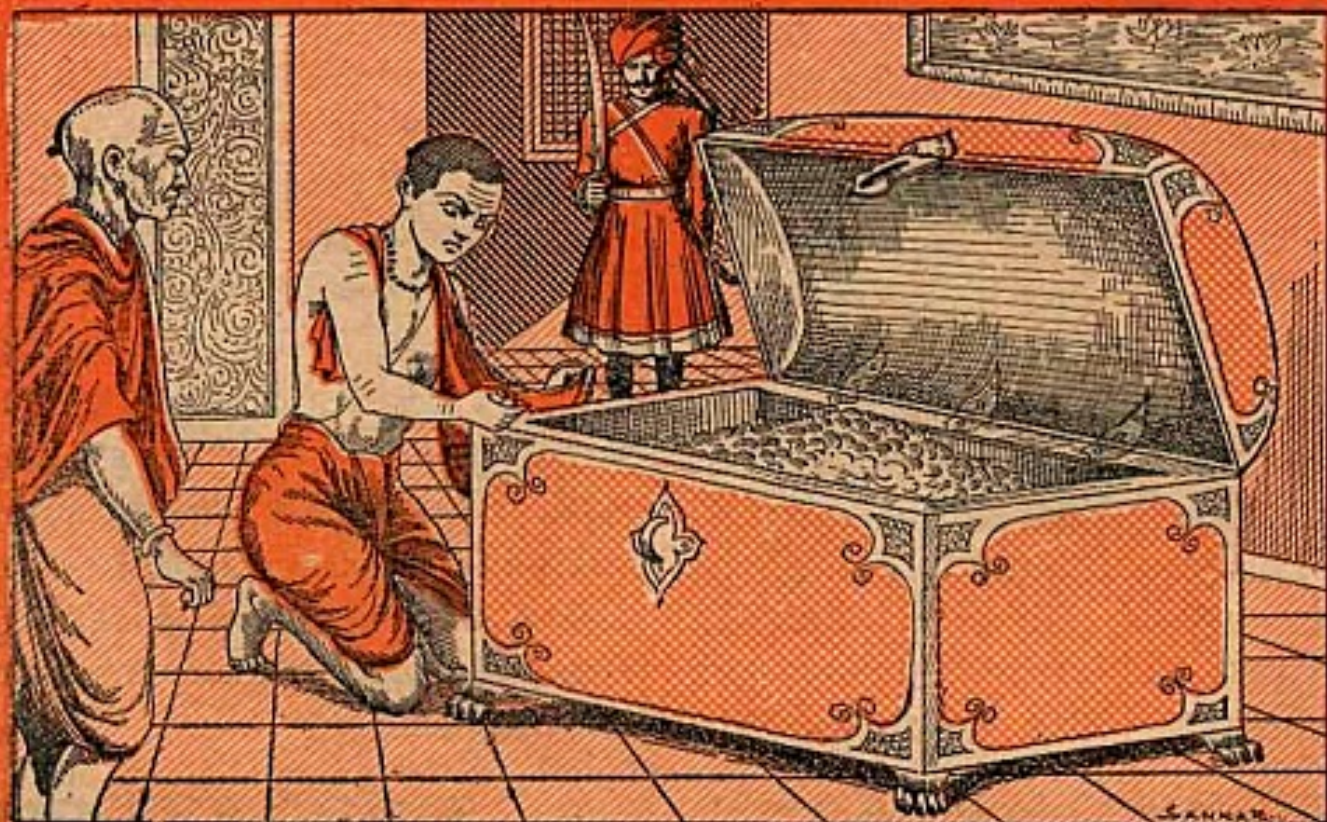
me by taking as much gold as you can carry."

The old man took only a couple of coins between his thumb and finger saying, "I can't carry much." But the *pujari* took a large heap of gold—as much as he could carry.

The servants of the king's household who saw this thought that the younger man was the real physician and the old one his assistant. One of them approached the *pujari* and whispered in his ear, "Sir, some forty

miles from here there is another king who has a sick daughter. For you who cured our princess that will be a very simple affair. For, that princess is not in a serious condition. She is suffering from a chronic illness, which no one is able to diagnose. You will do well to go there."

The *pujari* thought he could obtain another load of gold. He had seen the method of treatment, and he could apply it to the other princess. There was no need to tell the old man about it. So, he started for the





cure the princess and agreed to the penalty in case of failure. He was sure of success. He told the king how he had brought back to life a princess who was actually dead. He also showed him the gold he got for it.

The *pujari* took a house, prepared a huge fire-pit and got a cistern of milk ready. He took the ailing princess inside the house, bolted the doors and threw the girl in the fire. The princess uttered a blood-curdling shriek before she was turned to ashes in the fire. Undaunted, the *pujari* took a few of her charred bones and threw them into the milk and—they floated on the milk. With trembling hands he took out some more bones and threw them into the milk. They too floated on the milk.

Now the *pujari* was sweating with fear and terror. Meanwhile, the men outside the house had heard the shriek of the princess and they banged on the door. The *pujari* was standing paralysed when they broke the doors open and went in.

other place, and the old man followed him.

What the *pujari* had heard was true. Here was a princess suffering from a chronic illness. Several quacks had offered to treat her and had made her condition worse. So the king had laid down a condition. Whoever failed to cure the princess after undertaking to treat her had to go to the gallows and hang for it.

This penalty did not frighten the *pujari*. He asked the old man to wait in a choultry, and went to the king. He offered to



The king was mad with fury when he learnt that the wretched physician had burnt his daughter alive. He ordered him to be hanged at once.

The *pujari* at last found his tongue, and begged the king, "Your Highness, my assistant is in the choultry. Let me meet him but once. I'm certain your daughter can be brought to life."

"You want to escape, do you! Take this devil at once and put the noose round his neck," said the king.

As the *pujari* was being led up the steps to the gallows the old man turned up there.

"You are going to die," said the old man. "You can tell me now. Who has taken my rice-flakes?"

"I don't know really," said the *pujari*. He was led up one of the steps.

"Please tell me who stole my rice-flakes," the old man entreated the *pujari*.

"I swear that I don't know!" the *pujari* replied. And he was taken one more step up.



The old man repeated his question again and the *pujari* denied all knowledge of the rice-flakes.

The *pujari* now stood at the top. The noose was arranged round his neck. The king arrived there to see the execution.

"Please stop a moment," said the old man to the king. "Why are you hanging him?"

"This scoundrel not only failed to cure my daughter but he actually burnt her alive," the king said.

"In that case," said the old man, "you needn't hang him."

I shall bring your daughter back to life."

"Are you trying to be funny?" demanded the king in a rage.

"No, no!" said the old man. "You can send your guards with me. If I fail I shall hang along with him."

The king agreed and the old man restored the princess to life by putting a few of her bones in the milk. She was now free from the disease from which she had suffered for a long time.

The king was exceedingly happy. He set the *pujari* free. He sent a box filled with gold coins to the old man at the choultry.

"We have been friends for a long time," said the *pujari* to the old man. "We have shared each other's joys and sorrows.

It will be proper that we share this gold."

The old man agreed to it. He began to arrange all the gold into three equal heaps.

"We are only two!" said the *pujari* to the old man. "Why do you divide the gold into *three* parts?"

"That's quite in order," replied the old man. "The third portion is for the one who stole my rice-flakes."

"Oh, then, that share is *mine*. It was I that stole your rice-flakes," said the *pujari* beside himself with joy.

The old man raised his head, and looked angrily at the *pujari*, and said: "You miserable skunk! You polluted me by becoming my *pujari*!" Then he disappeared in a flash.



FLAT DENIAL

A certain villager had a goat. One day he was away from the village and some of the villagers took this opportunity to steal his goat. They took it outside the village, killed it and ate it under a banian tree by the side of a tank.

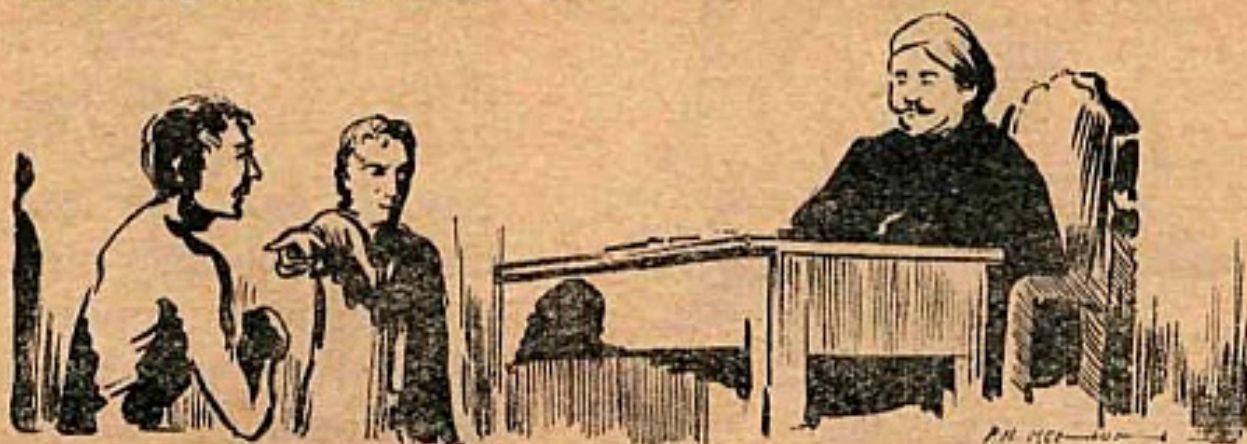
The owner of the goat returned and found out what had happened in his absence. He brought a charge of theft and misappropriation against the villagers who were concerned in the act.

The judge called the culprits and asked them what they had to say to the charge. One of the accused promptly replied, "Your Honour, this man is lying. He has no goat. There is neither a tank nor a banian tree in our village."

The complainant was outraged at this and asked the culprit, "Do you deny that you took my goat on the eighth day of the moon, took it to the east of the village and ate it?"

"Your Honour," said the accused turning to the judge, "this man is still lying. There is neither east nor eighth day of the moon in our village."

This was too much and the judge was convinced of the truthfulness of the charge. He ordered that the culprits buy the complainant another goat.



ANCIENT ANIMALS

MEGATHERIUM was a giant mammal. It was a sloth which lived on land, instead of hanging from the branches of trees like the sloths of today. *Megatherium* was a vegetable eater, with a thick tail and heavy hind legs. It could use its front legs like hands for digging out roots or breaking off branches of trees. It could break down fairly big trees. When it sat it was about four yards high. It had sharp claws on its feet and a long, strong tongue.

Glyptodon was another giant mammal, sometimes as big as an ox. Its head, back and tail were covered with bony plates. It had several spikes at the end of its tail.

Of all the mammals that ever lived on land *Baluchitherium* was the biggest. It was as tall as a giraffe, and very heavy. It was an ancestor of the rhino and it lived in Asia.

Some mammals lived in water too. Among those *Zeuglodon* was a giant. It was related to the modern whales and was 80 or 90 feet long, though it was very slender.



Megatherium

Some of the ancient mammals did not perish altogether. A few of them evolved into modern animals. In certain cases we can trace the changes that occurred in the process. We shall consider them next month.

VENUS

VENUS is 67,245,000 miles away from the Sun. With a diameter of 7,600 miles, it is slightly smaller than the Earth. Venus comes closer to Earth than any other planet; it comes within a distance of 162 million miles. But we cannot observe it then because it is between the Earth and the Sun, with its dark side turned to us.

When the Sun is between the Earth and Venus, we can see it through a telescope as a full moon, brighter than any other planet or star. At times it appears like a half-moon and even as a crescent.

During part of the year it can be seen in the east, rising a few hours earlier than the Sun. It is then called the "morning star". During another part of the year it is seen in the west, setting a few hours after the Sun—the "evening star."

Though Venus is brighter than any other heavenly body except the Sun and the Moon, we know very little about it because its surface is thickly covered with clouds. Since no markings on its surface are visible, we do not know how long it takes to revolve. In other words, we do not know the length of its day. But the length of its year—the time Venus takes to go round the Sun—is known. Moving at the rate of 1,873,000 miles a day, it makes a full round of the Sun in 224 days 16 hours and 48 minutes.

The clouds that always envelop Venus are not like our clouds. There is a lot of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere of Venus but probably very little of oxygen and water. It is not possible to say what kind of life, if any, exists on Venus.

Venus receives from the Sun almost twice the heat and light that the Earth receives.



THE EDUCATED FISH

THE magician tells the audience that he has trained the ordinary Goldfish to read cards and letters of the alphabet. Everybody will be amazed to hear this, because they have heard about trained dogs, elephants, lions, tigers, monkeys and other animals in circuses but have never heard about trained fish. The magician then tries to prove this to his audience,

An ordinary glass jar (aquarium) is placed on the table in the centre of the stage, just in front of the back curtain. Many goldfish are seen swimming in the water inside it. The magician then drops a card packet thoroughly mixed up by the member of the audience, inside the jar. Next people are asked to name any playing card in the pack thrown inside the jar. Suppose they say "Ace of spades." The magician then asks his educated fish to pick up the ace of spades. Lo, within a few seconds

one fish is seen swimming picking up the selected card in its mouth, in full view of all, to their utter amazement. (See diagram 1).

Now about the secret. The glass jar is not ordinary as it looks from the outside. It is a specially prepared one. It is made by cutting the bottom in a circle and a glass or transparent celluloid cylinder is



attached to it. See the small diagram in the circular inset. "A" shows the cut-out bottom and "B" shows the level up to which water can be put in the outside of this glass or transparent cylinder. As both are made of glass they cannot see any trickery from the front. Real fish are seen swimming in the outside circular water portion and the card packet is thrown in this water only. I use celluloid cards which can be used over and over again as they do not get spoiled in water. But my readers can use ordinary cards. Next you must have a long piece of celluloid bent at right angles. On the end of this is an imitation goldfish made of celluloid or any other material. This fish carries the selected card in its mouth and it is operated by an assistant who is hidden behind the back curtain. (See diagram 2). All the fish in the outer area (i.e., in water) are real fish, but this imitation fish known as fake fish is in the centre where there is no water at all. The audience will not be able to understand this trickery and they will take this fish also to be a live one. The assistant picks up the selected card from behind the back curtain. He puts it in the mouth of a fake fish in the opposite end of the celluloid piece and inserts the



same inside the glass jar from the bottom. Needless to say that both the table top and table cloth have got corresponding holes to match the opening in the bottom of the trick jar. The assistant manipulates the fish in such a way that the audience think that the fish is actually swimming with the selected card in its mouth. Truly it is an Educated Fish!

For finding out the selected card quickly, we usually keep the cards backstage on a table in four heaps, e.g., Diamonds, Hearts, Spades and Clubs. These are kept in serial order 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10, Jack, Queen, King, Ace. So the selected card can be picked up instantaneously and easily.

THE BACK COVER

PORTRAIT ON THE WALL—8

THE Emperor was delighted with the robe. But he still tried to keep Mistress Clever in his palace. "I want to see with my own eyes how she makes me another robe," he said cunningly.

"I can make you ten robes if you want," said Mistress Clever. "But first try this one on. We both worked very hard on it. We want to see how it fits."

"All right," said the Emperor. He put on the gorgeous new robe. Mistress Clever suddenly puffed a breath at him and the sea on the robe turned into real waves.

Higher and higher rose the waves. The Minister of Birds and Beasts and the other high officials and generals rushed to rescue the Emperor. But the wicked Emperor and his whole court were drowned in the foaming sea.

Chuang and Mistress Clever set free the girls who had been forced to marry the Emperor and be his slaves. Standing on the shore, they watched a great red sun climbing above the sea into the heavens.

Thousands of birds again filled the sky, singing as they flew:

"Fly, fly, fly! Fly to freedom of life.
Congratulations Chuang, Mistress Clever,
Splendid young husband and wife!"



PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

APRIL 1956

::

AWARD Rs. 10/-



- ★ Choose apt and significant captions for the above pair of photos. The captions should go in a pair, either words, phrases or short sentences.
- ★ The captions should reach us before 10th of February '56.

- The pair of captions considered best will be awarded Rs. 10/-
- ★ Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition," Madras-26.

RESULTS FOR FEBRUARY

- I. *Photo* : Bright Meditations
- II. *Photo* : Great Expectations

Contributed by :

N. KRISHNA RAO, Beltangady (P. O.) S. Kanara Dt.,

AWARD Rs. 10



NEWS ITEMS

Vice-President, Dr. Radhakrishnan was invested with the insignia of the Order of Pour Le Merit by the German Ambassador at New Delhi. The order was founded in 1740 by Frederick the Great and among those who received it were Voltaire, Darwin and Carlyle.

Madame Sun Yat Sen, Vice-Chairman of the Standing committee of the National People's Congress of China, arrived in India on December 16. During her 17 day-stay in India she visited Delhi, Madras, Bangalore and other places.

A poor Danish machanic spent 30 years to make the world's most accurate and comprehensive astronomical clock. This clock will lose only two-fifths of a second in 300 years.

Some children of a Sunday School in Nottingham (United kingdom) handed over a gift of money to the Indian High Commissioner for the flood victims in India. These children aged from 8 to 10 saved the money from their transport fares, luncheon and pocket money.



Eleven persons were killed and an equal number injured, seven of them seriously, when a goods and passenger train collided between Katihar and Semapur stations on the North Eastern Railway.

On December 10 Prime Minister Nehru laid the foundation stone of the Nagarjun Sagar dam, a giant project costing Rs. 122 crores and jointly undertaken by the Andhra and Hyderabad Governments. It is being built across the river Krishna and will benefit about 35 lakhs of acres in both the areas.

King Saud of Saudi Arabia paid a two-week visit to India and was given a warm and friendly welcome by the Government as well as the people of India. During that time he went to various cities like Hyderabad, Mysore, Bangalore and Bombay. He also visited the Universities of Banaras and Aligarh.

Solar eclipse occurred on December 14, between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. For Madras the eclipse was 0.73. In the north of India it was much less. At Trivandrum where the eclipse was 0.81, the planet Venus was visible to the naked eye between 12-45 and 1-5 p.m.

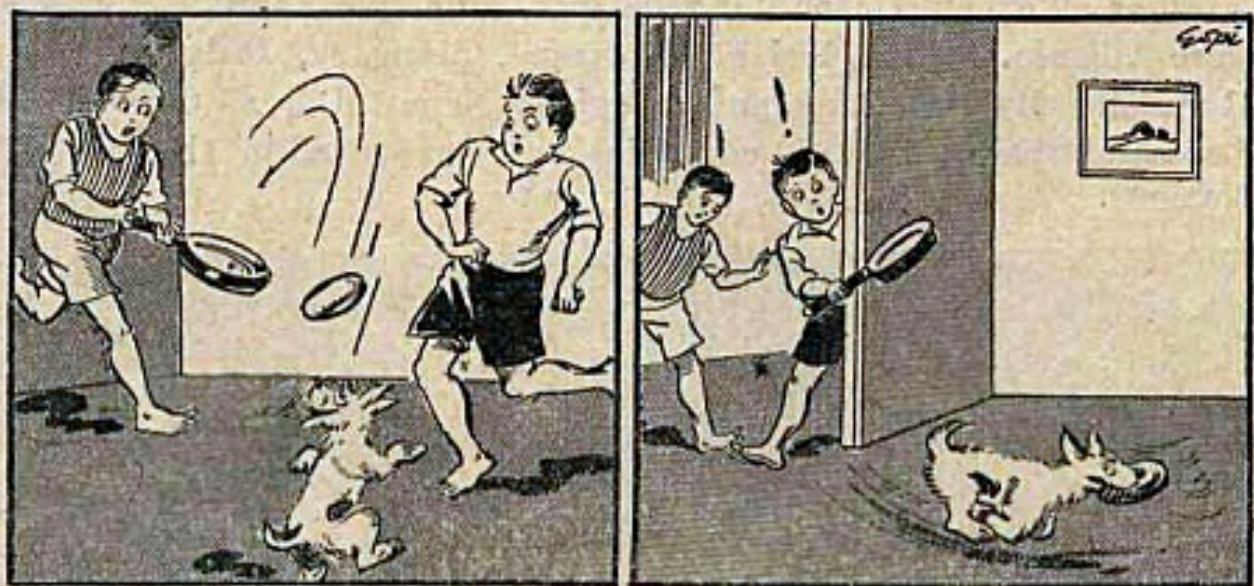
Of the 18 nations who applied for membership in the United Nations all except Outer Mongolia and Japan were admitted. These were Albania, Jordan, Ireland, Portugal, Hungary, Italy, Austria, Rumania, Bulgaria, Finland, Ceylon, Nepal, Libya, Cambodia, Laos and Spain. Now 76 countries are represented in the United Nations.

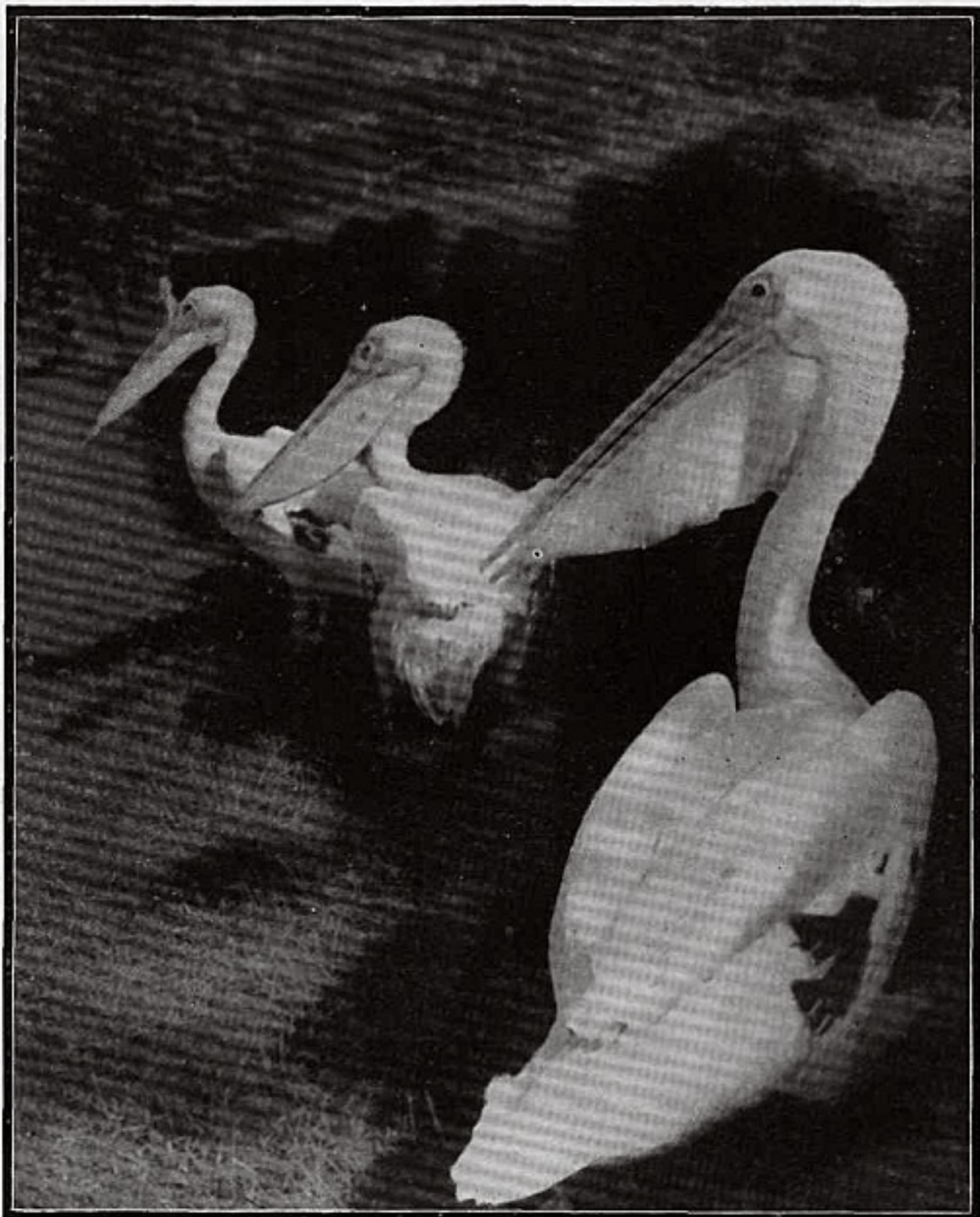


Picture Story



ONE day Dass ran into the kitchen and found a nice-smelling doughnut frying in the pan and his mother nowhere nearby. The doughnut was too hot to be picked up by the hand. So Dass took the pan and came out, throwing up the doughnut and catching it with the pan in order to cool it. Then Vass took his turn at cooling the doughnut. But he was not so good at catching it and the doughnut fell down. At once "Tiger" snatched it up and ran off with it, leaving Dass and Vass quite baffled and very sore.





Winning
Caption

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Contributed by
N. Krishna Rao, Beltangady.

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